

1152/364
Three Excellent New

SONGS;

1, The Babcs in the
Wood.

2, The Lafs of Pea-
tie's Mill

3 Original of Tweed
fide



Entered according to Order

The BABES in the WOOD.

Being a true relation of a a Norfolk Gentleman and his wife, who left three Children to the care of an Uncle, who dealt most wickedly with them, and how God plagued him for it, which may be a warning to all Tutors and Guardians.

NOW ponder well ye parents dear
 the words that I shall write,
 A doleful story you shall hear,
 was lately brought to light.
 A gentleman of good repute
 in Norfolk liv'd of late,
 Whose wealth and honour did amount,
 most men of his estate.
 Sore sick he was and like to die,
 and he no help could have,
 His wife also by him lay sick,
 they both possess one grave.
 Between them two no love was lost,
 each was to other kind,
 In love they liv'd, in love they dy'd,
 and left two babes behind.
 The one he was a pretty boy,
 not passing three years old,
 The other a girl younger than he,
 and made in beauty's mould,
 The father left his little son,
 as it doth well appear,
 When he to perfect age should come,
 three hundred pounds a year,

And to his little daughter Jean,
 two hundred pounds in gold,
 To be told down on marriage day;
 no way to be controul'd.
 And if the children chanc'd to die,
 e're they to age should come,
 The Uncle should possess their wealth,
 and so the will did run.
 Now brother said the dying man,
 look to my children dear,
 Be kind unto my boy and girl,
 no friends have I else here,
 To God and you I recommend,
 my children night and day,
 For little space be sure we have,
 within this world to stay.
 You must be father and mother both,
 and Uncle all in one,
 God knows what will become of them
 when I am dead and gone.
 O then bespake the mother dear,
 my brother kind quoth she,
 You are the man most bring my babes
 to wealth and misery.
 If you do keep them carefully,
 then God will you reward
 If otherwise you strive to do,
 God will your deeds regard.
 With lips as cold as and stone,
 she skift these children small.
 God bless you both my children dear,
 and so the tears did fall.
 Those speeches then the Uncle spake,
 to that sick couple there,
 The keeping of your children small,
 dear sister do not fear.

God never prosper me nor mine,
 nor ought else that I have,
 If I do wrong your children small
 when you are laid in grave.
 Their parents being dead and gone,
 the children he did take,
 With him unto his dwelling house,
 and much of them did make.
 He had not kept these pretty babes,
 a twelve month and a day,
 But for their money he devis'd,
 to make them both away.
 He bargain'd with two Ruffians,
 who were of furious mood ;
 Ev'n for to take the children small,
 and kill them in a wood.
 He told his wife and children all,
 he would the children send,
 To be brought up in fair London,
 with one that was a friend.

The SECOND PART.

THESE pretty babes they went away,
 rejoicing at the tide,
 And singing with a merry mood,
 that they were going to ride.
 They spake and prattled pleasantly,
 as they rode on the way,
 To them that should their butchers be,
 and work their lives decay.
 The speech of these sweet babies, made
 their murderers heart relent ;
 That they had tane this deed in hand,
 full sore they did repent.

But one of them was hard of heart,
 and vow'd to do his charge ;
 Because the wretch that hired them
 had paid them very large
 So then into the forest thick
 these two men fell at strife
 With one another they did fight
 about the childrens life.
 And he that was of mildest mood,
 did kill the other there.
 Within an unfrequented wood ;
 the babes did quake for fear.
 He took these children by the hand,
 and led them by the way,
 Hold your tongues my children dear,
 be sure you do not cry.
 Two miles he led them forth, till they
 for bread did sore complain ,
 Stay here quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
 when I come back again.
 Then hand in hand these pretty babes,
 went wandering up and down,
 But they could never see the man,
 approaching from the town.
 Their pretty lips with blackberries,
 were altogether dy'd,
 And when they saw the darksome night,
 they sat down and they cry'd.
 Thus wandered these pretty babes,
 till death did end their grief ;
 In one anothers arms they died,
 as babes wanting relief
 No burial these children did,
 of any man receive :
 Till Robin Red Breast painfully
 them covered with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
 upon the Uncle fell,
 For fearful fiends did haunt house,
 his conscience burnt in hell
 His barns were burnt, his goods consum'd
 his lands were barren made
 His cattle died in the fields,
 and nothing with him staid,
 And in a voyage to Portugal,
 two of his sons did die,
 Then to conclude, himself was brought
 into much misery.
 He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his means
 e're seven years came about,
 And in the very time, then did,
 this cruel act come out
 The fellow that did take in hand,
 the children sweet to kill.
 For robbery was condemn'd to die,
 as was God's blessed will.
 He did confess the very truth,
 the which is here exprest,
 The Uncle died when he for debt,
 in prison long did last.
 All you who be executors,
 and overseers eke,
 Of children that be parentless,
 and infants mild and meek.
 See that you keep them carefully,
 both by night and day :
 For God that dwells on heaven so high,
 he will your deeds repay.

The Lass of Peatie's Mill.

THE Lass of Peatie's Mill,
 to bonny blythe and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 bare headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 and wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white round and smooth,
 breasts rising in their dawn.
 To age it would give yourth,
 to press them with his hand.
 Through all my spirits run
 an extacy of bliss;
 When I such sweetness fand,
 wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 free from affecting pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth,
 Houptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 and pleasures at my will,

I'd promise and fulfil,
that none but bonny she,
The lair of Pearle's Mill,
should share the same with me.

Original of Tweedside.

WHEN Meggy and me were acquaint,
I carry'd my noddle fu' hie,
Nae lintwhite on all the gay plain,
nor goudspink sae bonny as she.
I whiffled, I pip'd, and I sang.
I woo'd but I came nae great speed,
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
and lay my banes over the Tweed.

To Meggy my love I did tell,
saut tears did my passion express;
Alas! I lo'ed her o'er well,
and the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
her dride had my ruin decreed,
Therefore I will wander abroad,
and lay my banes frae frae the Tweed.

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